

Bravest Woman

OF MODERN TIMES

The Comrade of Garibaldi, Ends Eventful Career at Florence

Few Visitors to the Picturesque Italian City in Which Jessie White Mario Has Just Died Would Have Recognized in the Quiet-Looking, White-Haired Old Lady Mazzini's Famous Co-conspirator and Garibaldi's Associate on the Field of Battle

Born an Englishwoman, She Espoused the Cause of Italian Freedom, Went to the Front as a Correspondent of the London Daily News, and Was Arrested and Imprisoned for Engaging in a Conspiracy With the Leaders of the Revolutionary Party.

Florence, April 7. **T**EMPESTUOUS careers have often had quiet endings, but not often is so striking a contrast to be noted as that between the close of the life of Jessie White Mario and those eventful days that made her, as an Italian newspaper expresses it, "the impersonation of the Garibaldian and the Mazzinian movements combined." Few visitors to Florence during the present generation were so much aware of her existence. Those who met her or saw her perhaps on her way from her modest home in the Via Romana to the school in which she taught English, found it difficult to picture their quiet-looking, white-haired old lady as Mazzini's co-conspirator, Garibaldi's associate on the field of battle.

As a matter of fact, there must always have been something incongruous between her personal appearance

and her role as an Italian revolutionary. Marc Monnier wrote a novel dealing with the Neapolitan life of forty years ago and Jessie White Mario's share in it as a reformer, in which he depicts her, in a spirit of not unfriendly caricature, as "Miss Hurricane." It is on record that she broke in upon King Victor Emanuel in his private rooms, brandishing her famous green cotton umbrella in her excitement, upon one occasion when she felt that immediate action on his part was called for in the interests of the great cause. "Il Re Galantuomo" was always susceptible to feminine influence, but never probably had he known it take such a form as this. Even in the ardor of those days, people smiled at the figure of the quaintly attired Englishwoman with the keen eyes and thin, resolute lips, while they admired and applauded her clear brain and warm heart.

She was born at Gosport, a suburb of Portsmouth, and was the child of a sailmaker in the Isle of Wight, whose business had begun to dwindle in consequence of the growing use of steam. She was earning her own livelihood by teaching, when, in 1854, she first set eyes on Garibaldi. He recognized in her at once a well-wisher on whom he could count for valuable service. "You shall come and nurse my soldiers for me in our next fight," he said to her, and she at once prepared herself for the task, setting herself strenuously to the study of medicine and surgery. But it was in the capacity of special correspondent to the Daily News that she eventually came to Italy, and met her future husband, Alberto Mario, at Genoa, the hotbed of the revolutionary party. Mario was the scion of a noble but impoverished Ferrarese family, and an ardent republican patriot. With him she engaged in a



JESSIE WHITE MARIO.
KNOWN AS
"THE BRAVEST WOMAN OF MODERN TIMES"

conspiracy, which was discovered. She had just completed a letter to the Daily News when police officers entered her room and arrested her. Mario had only time to post it before sharing her fate. They were imprisoned for four months. On their liberation, they both found their way to England, were married in her father's house, and proceeded to America, where they became active propagandists of the cause of Italian freedom.

On the outbreak of the war of independence in 1859, they returned to Italy and joined Garibaldi's camp. Signora Mario took up her journalistic work again, and contributed special correspondence to the Daily News. Knowing her enterprising and eager disposition, the editor sent her a warning note: "Don't get into prison again," he wrote, "because it is very inconvenient for the paper." With Garibaldi's "red shirts,"

Signora Jessie White Mario went through the Italian campaign of 1859 and 1860, and saw much of the fighting which brought about the unity of Italy. She had on several occasions to escape from dangerous situations in disguise, and she frequently risked her life by taking the place of others who were being pursued and in imminent peril of capture. Garibaldi spoke of her as the bravest woman of modern times, and Mazzini, Victor Emanuel, and other Italian leaders were warm in their admiration of her.

She refused all rewards for her services with the exception of two gold medals, which were struck in her honor by some of the wounded whom she had attended as inspector of ambulances, a post conferred upon her on the battlefield by Garibaldi.

In 1877, she rendered a different kind of service to Italy by her inquiry into the miseries of Neapolitan existence—a piece of work she undertook at the suggestion of that distinguished scholar and Italian senator, Prof. Pasquale Villari. In the following years, she produced a number of other books of great interest and value, including lives of Garibaldi and Mazzini. Her husband died in 1883. Since that time, she earned her livelihood chiefly, as already indicated, by her work as a teacher of English in a Florence school—a school of female pupils.

By a noteworthy coincidence, her funeral cortege had to pass in front of Casa Guidi, bedecked a few hours earlier with flags and flowers in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of that other English heroine of the struggle for Italian independence, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE GIRL "RAFFLES" AT SMITH COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 2.)

her guests to supper and discussed smilingly with them the life of a thief.

And all the time it now seems certain she was living it. Soon after college opened thefts were reported not only from the various college boarding houses, but from the sacred college houses on the campus. At first the college authorities, averse as always to publicity kept the matter secret. They started a quiet little investigation on their own account, but were completely baffled. No one girl had lost a very large sum, \$45 being the maximum; but purses and articles of jewelry, an amethyst necklace, a gold bracelet, even a mileage book, and ever so many small trinkets were continually disappearing. The conclusion that the thief was of the student body, seemed inevitable. All sorts of traps were laid; practically everybody was suspected.

Thefts More Frequent

During February and March the thefts became so frequent that the college authorities decided that it was time to call in the police. Chief Gilbert made a canvass of the places that had been robbed. They were all houses in which Miss Wilson was intimate, where there was at least one girl who had been won by her great personal charm—houses that were at all times open to her.

One evening late in March Miss Wilson went to an Amherst College entertainment with a party of college girls. Two girls called on her at the Livermores and were sent up to her room to see if she was in. One of them caught sight of her purse that had been taken by the college thief. The other saw hers, which she had not yet missed, lying on the bureau. At that time matters had reached a point where practically everybody was suspected. Chief Gilbert was notified, and after making sure that the girls could really identify their property, procured a warrant for Miss Wilson's arrest.

The thing was done as gently as possible. Special Officer Franklin King, who is also superintendent of buildings at Smith College, was told to wait at the Livermores until Miss Wilson returned, and then to delay the arrest until the Amherst boy who was mildly devoted to her and would probably see her home, had taken his departure. She came in a little after 10 o'clock, an open cloak thrown over her pink evening gown. There were no tears, no wailing, when she was told she must accompany the officer to police head-

quarters—nothing but well-bred surprise.

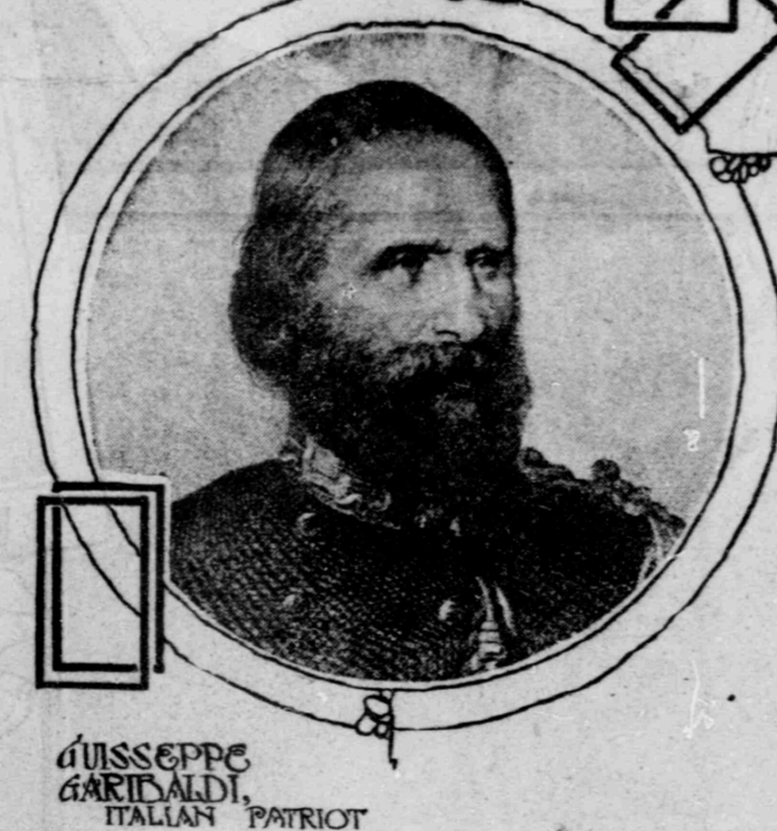
The chief told her he had a warrant charging her with larceny. She said she did not know what larceny meant. "It means," replied the chief, "that you have been stealing, that you are a thief." Miss Wilson flushed, but she looked the official straight and steadily in the eye as she answered: "I am not a thief, and I have not been stealing." A moment later, when he drew a leather purse, stolen from a Smith girl, from his desk and asked her if she had ever seen it before, she replied quite as readily, "Yes, I took it from Miss Wilson's room; it contained \$—." She did not seem confused at confessing when only a moment before she had proclaimed absolute innocence.

The chief showed her a second, third, and fourth pocketbook from his desk. They had all been found in Miss Wilson's room, and she told readily enough all about them—from whom they had been taken, and when, and how much they had contained. Chief Gilbert produced an amethyst necklace, but Miss Wilson would not admit that that was stolen. She said it was a present from her mother.

That night, still in her opera cloak and evening dress, Miss Wilson spent in a cell in the Hampshire county jail—and all the next day and the next night. Her father was notified and came to the rescue. He reached Northampton before his daughter's arraignment before Judge Strickland, and furnished \$300 bail that was demanded.

No Doubt of Guilt

There seems no doubt that Miss Wilson is guilty and that her arrest has solved the mystery which has been puzzling the college authorities ever since college opened last fall. Since her arrest her conduct has been a puzzle to everyone. One moment she has proclaimed her ignorance and declared her intention of staying right there and "living the thing down," the next she has confessed her robberies in detail, and yet displayed no sorrow. At present she has left Northampton, had herself driven to the Boston and Maine station, and bought a ticket for New York by way of Springfield, and the police believe that Northampton has seen the last of her, that she will forfeit her bail rather than face a trial. The statement which forms the opening paragraph of this story, made to a number of the Livermore household, is the nearest approach to an explanation she has made. And after all, considering her family's financial circumstances that doesn't explain.



DONKEYS FOR SALE AT \$1.25 EACH

YOU can buy a burro for \$1.25 in this city. All you have to do is to go down to Burro alley anywhere from 10 in the morning till late in the afternoon and strike a bargain with the first wood carrier you meet. Only make sure that your eye teeth are secure when the bargain is over, for these burro punchers of the Southwest are the canniest traders.

Burro alley is burro headquarters in Santa Fe. This is a narrow crooked alley, lined with adobe houses. In the rear of a curio store, at the end of the alley, is a corral where the Jones and Pablos and Garcias leave their burros after their loads of wood are sold, and here may be studied burro character in all its phases.

Once in Santa Fe, the burro driver walks along the streets until he is hailed by some householder who has just run out of wood. There is a minute's haggling and an inspection of the pitch piled upon wood on the backs of the burros. Then the ropes are jerked, and loads of wood fall to the earth. And Pablo or Jose pockets his money and starts back toward Burro alley. Here the burros are put in the corral and the driver sallies forth. Early in the afternoon the burros are driven out of the corral and the homeward march is begun. The driver does not reach home until late. His earnings are small, but he is content. He turns his burros out to "rustle" for themselves, for nobody ever thinks of feeding a burro—and in a few hours he is ready again to start forth on the long walk to Santa Fe.

One can seek, and seek vainly, a sour-visaged burro among the thousands of animals that are driven to Santa Fe. The burro may be ready to drop under the cruel weight of his load, but he looks content. Perhaps his master, hunched white at the plaza, in which case the burro is apt to sink to the ground, load and all, and fleet forth peacefully into slumber. When he is commanded to get up you wonder how he is going to do it, under that great load. But somehow or other the slender legs get a leverage and the burro struggles to his feet and walks off at his master's bidding.

LITTLE DOGS HAVE BIG BARKS.

"This dog," said a Sixth ward woman to her husband the other day, "is no more than a toy. He'll never amount to anything as a watchdog."

"I'VE BEEN THINKING," By Charles Battell Loomis

I ONCE knew a millionaire who always carried his money around with him in bills. There were some dollar bills, more ten-dollar bills, and many hundred and thousand dollar bills. He always carried them in a suit case with an ordinary lock and key, and he told me that he was happy just because he had the actual money.

His brother hardly ever handled money at all. He was a millionaire, too, but he did all his business with checks; and seldom had more than \$20 on his person, and he was miserable and dyspeptic.

I understood the feeling of the moneyed millionaire better than that of the checked one. The first man was not a miser; he was simply a grown-up child, with a child's delight in actually seeing the money that he had earned by the sweat of his brow, most of it at a dollar a day. Don't stop to figure out how many days he had worked, or I won't wait.

Now, of course, there are persons of imagination who can go through life using checks and feeling rich, but it takes a good deal of imagination to do so, and for me the pretty green ten-dollar bill means ten times as much as the check for \$10.

Of course, checks have their uses, and I use them myself. When a bill for some prosaic thing, like repairs to the coal chute, comes in I send out a check in payment, but if I am buying a book that I have long coveted, you may be sure that I hand out real money for it. The book represents something tangible, and I will not suit the book dealer by sending him a cold, unfeeling check.

If I wanted to bring happiness to a widow whose husband had died leaving her destitute, do you think that I would send her a check for a thousand dollars? If you do, you don't know me.

If I were to do the thing at all, I would go to her house with 1,000 crisp dollar bills, and I would receive her thanks for each one. But it is a queer thing about gratitude. Her thanks for the first bill would be heartfelt, but by the time I had reached the first hundred she would have grown tired of thanking me, and I verily believe that before I had handed in the last bill she would have asked me if I couldn't be a little more expeditious. Thus usage dulls the senses.

On the other hand, do you suppose that if I were sued for a thousand dollars I would pay the complainant in good green money? No; a thousand times no. I would purposely buy the smallest blank check that I could find, and in my most minute chirography, and with an autograph that was barely good, I would sign it, and thus I would feel that I was getting off cheap.

In some things most of us are intensely mean, and among the expenditures that offend men's souls are those paid into a railroad company's grasping maw. I hold myself no better than the rest, and if possible, I always travel in company with another, and before we start out I give him money to cover the expenses, and then he buys the tickets and I feel that I have not spent so much.

But in buying stationery, and books, and pictures, I never think of trusting the business to another. Let me pick out my own paper, and my own book, be my own judge of the picture, and when they are ready to deliver, let me pay the bill myself in coin of the realm.

Your plumber should always receive a check, but the man who entertains you should get good gold, even if it is only 50 cents' worth.

One objection I have to royalties is that they always come in the form of a check—when they come at all. One time, though, my publisher varied it; instead of sending a check he sent a bill. You see, I had given at least ten copies of the book at Christmas time, and, of course, the balance was in his favor. Do you know, I really enjoyed the thing for a change.

By the way, that reeling of royalties, even if they are paid in check form, is a very good game. You sell your stories for so much, and then, when they are all printed, you are induced to make a book of them. Well, you have already been paid for them, so that you stand to gain, whatever happens. It may be only \$10 that will come to you, but it may be \$10,000, and the joy of looking forward to royalty day is one that cannot be expressed in words. You do not hear much about the sale of your book; your friends say nothing about it, but perhaps they are keeping its phenomenal success a secret from you. You live in the country, and you never see the Bookman, so you do

not know what the six best sellers are, but you have your suspicions. At last the fateful day arrives, the familiar envelope of your publisher comes to you by mail, and as you open it a check flutters out. You remember the stories of du Maurier and "Tribby," and how his publishers sent him several thousands over and above the contract agreement.

To be sure, it is only a check, and not money, but after all, any bank will convert a check into money if you are known, and your book has doubtless made you known through the wide world.

You pick up the check and close your eyes, until you are holding it right in front of them. "The Second National Bank of New York. Pay to the order of yourself \$47.50. Harp, Scrib. & Co."

It isn't quite what you thought it would be. The book is not one of the six—yet. Still, after the first disappointment is over, you reflect that it is all clear gain, and you go to the bank and have it converted into new dollar bills, and then you go down to the bookstore and you buy thirty odd books that you have wanted for years.

No, you don't. You know very well you don't, for the same mail that brought the check brought its antithesis in the form of a bill from the gentleman who raised the price of beef on you, and the other gentleman who charged you \$3 a ton for coal, and like a good little man you sit down and you write out two checks which take up forty-two of the dollars.

But take my advice, and get the better of fortune by taking the fifty that is left—and your wife—and going into town for a jamboree. Remember that a jamboree, small though it be, reminds in the memory long after the memory of a paid bill has left you.

Pay the bills, but save enough out of the cost of your clothes for a little jamboree. Clothes warm the body, but jamborees warm the cockles of the heart, and a man who neglects the cockles of his heart to put Jaeger underwear on his lousy limbs has failed in his duty toward himself—and his betters.

SOME CONSOLATION

There never was a man at which some dog did not bark, and never a woman against whom some one had not said spiteful things.—Will Corlies, in Every where.